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A
P O E M
U P O N
M U S I C K.

By Mr. JOHN WALDRON.



D U B L I N :

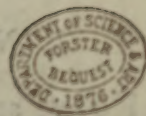
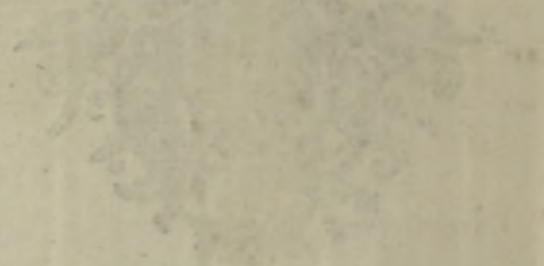
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P O F M

1876

NEW YORK

1876





To the HONOURABLE and ingenious

Societies of MUSICK,

Held at

St. CECILIA's HALL,

In Crow-street, and Dame's-street.

Εἰς πάντων τῶν πραγμάτων τὸ τέλος ἑτοιμαστέον.

Artist. Ethic. Lib. 1. Cap. 1.

Gentlemen,

DIVINE Musick, former-
ly so much admir'd, and
practis'd in this Kingdom, lay by
neglected, and unregarded, for
A 2 many

iv Dedication.

many Years past, partly repress'd by Domestick Feuds, and common Convulsions in the State; partly over-look'd by Men of some Knowledge in that Celestial Science, thro' an inactivity of Spirit, and principally smother'd, for want of due Encouragement.

HENCE it came to pass, that St. *CECILIA*'s Name was so long buried in gloomy Oblivion; (in which State, for ought I know, it might continue Myriads of Ages, in this Nation, had it not been reviv'd by your generous Endeavours, and yearly honour'd with so much Expence, and religious Pomp, a Type of the Heavenly Concerts and Musical Pageantries; wherewith she is celebrated in Heaven) Then the *Italians*, who were always before inferior to
the

Dedication. V

the *Irish* in Musick, took an Advantage of their Lethargy, and advanc'd that most sublime Science to great Perfection with uninterrupted Care, and industrious Activity ; but, O welcome Revolution ! St. *Cecilia* is now distinguish'd with the Celestial Breath of pompous Musick, and re-instated by your liberal Bounty on her *Irish* Throne, where her Prerogatives and Encomiums, are annually asserted, and stated, by a learned * Divine. So that, Gentlemen, we have just Reason to expect, so greatly ye encourage, and promote Musick, that the *Irish* will soon recover their Character of being the most able Musicians in the World, and that the *Italians* will shortly acknowledge

* Doctor *Sheridan*, Preacher to the Society.

vi Dedication.

knowledge their Dependance in
Musick on the *Irish* Harp.

To be particular, Gentlemen, I
only diminish your Praises, by en-
deavouring to set them forth, and
therefore, requesting your Patro-
nages in lieu of my good Intention
to celebrate Musick, and ye, the
Honourable Promoters of it. I
subscribe my self with all possible
Zeal, and ardent Affection,

Gentlemen,

Your Devoted

Humble Servant,

John Waldron.



THE PREFACE.

Gentle Reader,

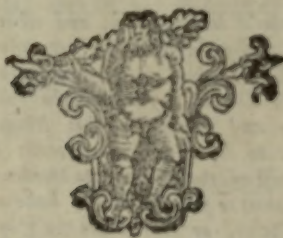
IT has been wonder'd in England, and other parts of the learned World, why Ireland did not afford a greater growth of POETS, than it has done these many Years past; to clear which Doubt, I shall use the following Reasons. Our Nobility and Gentry in this Kingdom, having considerable Fortunes to depend upon, generally sacrifice their Youth, and all the rest of their Days, to inordinate Pleasures, by which means it comes to pass, that they have a more refin'd Taste in Horses, Cocks, or some other weighty Diversion of that kind, than in Poetry, they fill up the whole circle of their Time in material Pleasures, whilst the Mind lies by wild and neglected: To this gross, and NOBLE Ignorance, we may chiefly ascribe the discouragement of Poetry in this Kingdom. For Peers and Gentlemen, who have no Relish for Poetry, will scarcely patronize it.

These NOBLE, and ignorant Personages, wou'd be more oblig'd to a POET for bringing them a good POINT-ER, than an immortal POEM: Such is their degenerate, and pall'd Taste!

The

The P R E F A C E.

The second and last Reason, I shall here assign for the slow growth of Poetry in this Kingdom, may take its Rise from a fertile Crop of Poetasters, wherewith this Land so teeming-ly abounds, half-witted Cox-Combs, half form'd like the Insects of the River Nile, who, conscious of their own Imperfections, wou'd feign bring into their stigmatiz'd Herd, the Species of superiour Poets! Happy in spite of Malice, are those Bards, who have noble, learned and bountifull Personages for their Patrons! Such were always the Dukes of Dorset, Buckingham, &c. But, to return to my Purpose, Courteous Reader, I here present you with the Primitive of my Writings, which I hope, will yield you Pleasure, and Profit, worthy the Trouble, you'll take in reading so small a Work. Farewell.



A P O E M

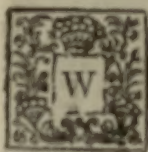


A

P O E M

U P O N

Musick, &c.



H E N bright *Aurora* shone with ruddy hue,
And plains were spangled with the filmy
Dew,

Beneath a spreading Beech supine I lay,
The whistling Thrush beholding on a
Spray,

Tuning her silver Notes, and as she spoke,
Echoes repeated from the knotty Oak,

B

Where

Where in the Morn she pitch'd her waving stand,
 And fill'd with Quavers the adjacent Land,
 Quavers, inspir'd by Nature's pow'rful Hand;
 Wrapt in surprize, the Musick I admir'd,
 Wildly harmonious, which at last expir'd
 In melting Notes, engaging as the Strains
 Of dying Swans upon *Cayster*-plains:
 Nor did the Thrush her whistling Lays renew,
 She stretch'd her Pinions, and away she flew,
 Swifter than bearded Darts, the Cretans fling
 With art from Bows of Horn, and twanging String.

A shifting Dye invades my sickle Face,
 My floating Colour knew no constant grace,
 (Ye Gods! be witness) when sublime in Air
 I saw the Thrush, the object of my Care,
 Insulting Winds, and flitting thro' the Sky,
 Apparent only to my reaching Eye;
 For Musick sooths the risted Rocks, and Trees,
 And, sure, Men are more sensible than these.
 But, as I lay perplex'd in gloomy thought,
 With Sorrow big, and with Reflection fraught,
 The warbling Lark I heard upon the Ground
 (His Face erect, as if to Heaven bound,
 To crave some Boon from the Almighty Jove,
 Or to divert him for some time above)
 His swimming Notes to vaulted Heav'n convey,
 And to that gleaming Orb, from whence results the Day.
 Transported with the Magick of his Tongue,
Phœbus inspir'd, and thus the Poet sung:
 "Thou art the sweetest of the feather'd Choir,
 "The living Spring of Musical desire,
 "Apollo's Harbinger on Earth below,
 "From whose melodious Throat such Accents flow,
 "Accents! more soft than *Philomel* can sing,
 "When she glads Mortals, and salutes the Spring.

I said, the Lark wing'd on his airy Road,
 To pay his Homage to the thund'ring God;
 For him the *Wolfin* furl'd it's sable Shrouds,
 And then the *Sylph* advanc'd him past the Clouds: When

When, lo ! (alas ! what will not Envy do ?
Envy, the Shadow, that does the Wise pursue,
'Tho' it but proves the Substance to be true)
The rav'nous Eagle meditates her Prey,
Refus'd to kill the Herald of the Day,
The active quarrel seeks not to destroy,
For Mankind's good she would not strive,
The Eagle's bill is bent on the Lamb's skin,
A Lamb she kills not, only maims and lacerates,
The Eagle's eye is bent on the Lamb's mark,
The Lamb she does not kill, but she does maim,
It is not death she wishes to bestow,
And with her talons she does not destroy,
(O World ! how all we are deceiv'd !)
For much she does us wrong, and much she does,
That we are ignorant to be ever aware of.

An eagle soaring from Sacred Love,
 A Harper, full of Love, singing Love,
 To the Church of the Living God engage,
 And the proud Eagle baffled in her Rage:
 At last the God thus op'd his fragrant Mouth
 In Words, that pierc'd the East and distant South,
 Which Men and Angels heard to adore,
 Than Tars her Trumpets on the silent Main.
 The sound arriv'd at th' *Assarinitine* Bow'rs,
 Where haust *Elysium* shews enamel'd Flow'rs,
 And at the distant Meads of *Ashdodet*.
 Where after Death the valiant Heroes dwell,
 And, O *Proserpine*, at thy gloomy shades,
 Where Death is blacken'd in more pitchy Shades.

" O first of Birds, which usher in the Day,
 And with thy Voice diftand the fable Night,
 Be it thy Place to tell the dawning Morn,
 When first it fhall the blufhing Sun adorn,
 And to deterve the bleffing of the Swains,
 That feed their feery Flocks in rural Plains
 To roafe the drowly Peafant to his Plow,
 And fmg the early Time he ought to fow,

" When drizzling Dews in silver order stand,
 " And, rang'd in files, bedeck the willing Land.
 " Next be thy Care to penetrate the Air,
 " And all the Gods with mellow Musick chear,
 " Hymning great Jove with thy delightful Sounds ;
 " Th' asswaging balm of all my bleeding Wounds,
 " Bleeding with mortal Love, that raging pest,
 " Of all the feather'd kind you cure the best.
 " Musick, like yours, allays the greatest grief,
 " Musick, like yours, gives Jove himself relief ;
 " What have I said ? Relief ? it cures me o'er,
 " When once you sing, I feel no loving sore)
 " This done, with speed skim down the liquid way.
 " And stay with Mortals 'till th' ensuing day.

" But, Plund'rer, know from Jove your fatal Doom,
 " Which you must bear for rolling Years to come ;
 " Fork'd peals of Thunder must in *Eddies* whirl,
 " That thy fierce Clawson Mortals down must hurl,
 " For thy bent Rage against that charming Bird,
 " Whole Voice the Gods, and Jove, with pleasure heard.
 " 'Tis hard to tell your Species what to call,
 " The Motly thing is so equivocal.
 " Thot for the King of Birds you hastily pass,
 " (As stupid Mule is neither Horse, nor Ass)
 " The feather'd Form you own, and nought beside,
 " To bloody Giants the rest of you's allied,
 " Monsters, that try'd with unsuccessful pain
 " To rule the Stars, and seize th' Aethereal reign.
 " As sapless Eunuchs, void of Manly pow'rs,
 " Envy the Pleasure of two clasping lov'rs,
 " Thus you abhor'd the Lark's sweet-sorted Lays,
 " And strove to screen them from disturbing rays,
 " From heavenly Judgment, and eternal days,
 " Because *Apollo* did not tune your Voice,
 " But Nature made you coarse, and *Phoebus* gave you noise.
 " Yet, Tyrant, know that Wings of such base
 " In foreign Climes shall plant the Lark's great Name
 " By strict Direction of the thund'ring God,
 " And I confirm it by my awful Nod ;

" For

" For heav'nly Breasts with Musick's charms are pleas'd,
 " Their Minds are temper'd, and their Hearts are rais'd.

Hesaid, and aw'd by his commanding lore,
 Th' Eagle assai'd the singing Lark no more,
 Nor dar'd the Tassel to obstruct his way;
 His former Foes dismis'd the favour'd prey.
 This done, the God his way to Heaven swept,
 Into the D O M E supreme he active leapt,
 Where thousand Columns propt his Diamond-Throne,
 With Capitals, and Freezes, that out-shone
 The brilliant Rubies, or the Beryl-stone. }
 But, to leave Jove in Heav'n, that blessed Seat,
 Where Gods Celestial live in bliss compleat,
 I'll drop the Musick of the feather'd kind,
 And trace th' enlivening Musick of Mankind.

Ingenious Amphion struck his golden Lyre,
 His Lyre, inspir'd by Jove, and *Phœbus* fire,
 And sang, — " Ye Ash, and never dying Oaks,
 " Ye Firs stupendous, and unweildy Rocks,
 " Ye Winds, that o'er *Cithæron* rashly blow,
 " And make *Atopian* Waves with Anger flow,
 " A while give ear, whilst I my Lyre shall string,
 " And make my Musick thro' the Concave ring.
 The things inanimate obey'd his Will,
 The danc'd Waves, as motionless stood still;
 The rustling North-wind stop't his noisy sound,
 And down-leat Trees hung list'ning on the Ground:
 His vocal Notes his inward thoughts express'd,
 And thus the mute Creation they address'd.

" Formention'd Buildings, that on *Cithæron* grow,
 " This City Wall, and this I'd have ye know,
 " My Mind inclin'd to build the City *Thebes*,
 " With pow'r of Musick on *Æolian* pipes,
 " Regardless of the fulsom Aid of Man,
 " Propens to war're, here Musick began;
 " At call of Musick then your Fibres tear,
 " At call of Musick draw united near,

" With

“ With stout Advances, and uncommon Glee :
 “ This is the magick sound ! y^e are all set free.

Shall I keep buried in the Womb of Night
 The Land's End, frange, that might the World affright ?
 Or vent it to the Light of trembling Day,
 And *Sol*, that does o'er Earth his Beams display ?
 The cased Trees in haste run jostling down
 The shelving Precipice, to rib the Town,
 Projected by the Bard of fam'd renown,
 The craggy Cliffs, enliv'n'd by Musick's sound,
 With many Force, tear up their native Ground,
 And springing quickness thro' *Aquas* bound ;
 The watry God divides his azure mound,
 And all his Waves in Chrystal Volumes bound :
 'Till all the Bodies mov'd to t'other side,
 The Water slept, and Waves forgot to glide.
 The Trees, and Rocks, when they at *Tides* arriv'd,
 By pow'r of Musick into Forms were riv'd,
 And built the stately City, we call *Thebes*,
 With airy Steeples on *Beotian* Glebes ;
 For Musick follow'd their obdurate Vains,
 Like Chymick Art, upon *Beotian* Plains.

O tuneful *Orpheus* ! sacred is thy Name !
 The length of Time effaces not thy Fame,
 Who string your hollow Lyre so sweet and well,
 That you reclaim'd the sullen Tribe of Hell ;
 The Bard descended to the dreary Coast,
 Where *Stygian* Waves their dire *Monsters* boast,
 To seek *Eurydice*, his long lost Wife,
 And rear her to the sprightly Land of Life :
 There he beheld, on horrid *Scams* ! the Ghosts,
 Partly transfix'd with Nails, and ty'd to Posts,
 Whilst down-look'd Demons made their Lungs to feel
 Dire whips of Scorpion, and eternal Steel !
 Envenom'd Serpents others brac'd with ligures,
 And hissing blasted them with liquid Fires ;
 Hot bars of Iron drill'd thro' *Cannals* Tongues,
 And melted Lead stream'd down their balied Lungs.

With

With lazy Current, tho' diffusive Flood,
 Cankering all their Mass of fever'd Blood:
 Three-headed C E R B E R U S, with his noisom
 Foam

Essenc'd the Beaux of Pluto's sooty Dome,
 And powder'd them with the sulphureous Gleams,
 From Entrails torn of Phlegethonian Flames.

Urin whirr'd about a turning Wheel,
 Pointed with Lances of Infernal Steel:

Eolian Sisyphus with screaming Moan
 Roll'd up a Mountain a stupendous Stone,
 Which on the Summit was no sooner plac'd,
 But down again the weary Bowler chas'd.

Astonish'd Orpheus saw these Scenes of Wo,
 Tormented Spectres in the Shades below;
 But, when with piercing Eyes he could not find
 The brightest Mirror of the Female kind,

Hark! the Bard sweeps his sounding Lyre with
 Art,

And, see! the tortur'd G H O S T S forget their
 Smart:

Respiring Forms with flying Steps advance,
 And breathing Musick made the Furies dance.

Drowfy Proserpine left her Iron-bed,
 Numbers reviv'd, that many Years were dead,
 And lifting C E R B E R U S they'd on their Head,
 Uncurling Snakes their T'gles in the speed,
 Follow'd by Millions of th' Infernal Breed:

Pluto, well pleas'd, exults his cruel Bows,
 And to the playing Bard submissive bows,

" O Majesty of Hell, bend down to me,

" And to allusive Musick bend your Ear,

" Proving propitious to the Poet's Prayer;

" For once you felt Born C U P I D's tender
 Dart

" Bewilder'd in the Chancel of your Heart,

" Oh! pity then a bleeding Husband's Case!

" Oh! take the Husband or the Lover's case!

" Restore *Eurydice* once more to Life,
 " *Eurydice* the Fair, once *Orpheus's* blooming Wife !
 " The Thracian Snow, untouch'd by *Phabus's* Ray,
 " With sympathizing Grief dissolv'd away,
 " To hear me fill the Earth, the Sea the Skies,
 " With hollow Groans, and hoarse-resounding Cries,
 " And Tides of Tears rush from my floating
 Eyes;
 " Rough Rocks expanded A lamantine Veins,
 " And flow'd in Rivers to the thirsty Plains,
 " To see me weep my Wife in mournful Strains :
 " The Winds were hush'd, and Savages us'd
 " Heard with Concern the Praises of the Dead.
 " Then, surely, *Pluto*, sway'd by *Mulick's* Charms,
 " Will yield *Eurydice* to *Orpheus's* Arms.

The Stygian God, prevail'd by *Orpheus's* Pray'r,
 Inspir'd with Life the M A N N E S of the F A A N,
 And her restor'd, with lavish Beauty gay,
 To the bright Region of the Brilliant Day;
 For *Mulick* stole upon his brightening Soul,
 Nor could the Hellish God it's Pow'r controul.

In remote *Calabria*, as *Kircher* tells,
 The Tarantule, a pois'nous Spider, dwells,
 Which bites to Madnels, and wide laughter, those,
 Whom he pokes into with his foreign Note;
 The bitten Persons seek the barren Beach,
 Where curling Waves with broken courage reach,
 And lash with dying might the Place around,
 Bellowing Mammies in a hollow sound,
 Or *Alpine* Reels, where tow'ring Rocks aspire
 To prop the Sky, and dash th' Aethereal Fire :
Mulick pursues with never-failing pow'r
 The frantick Wretches to their distant Tour,
 Where solemn Lays their malady unfold,
 Drown'd then Madnels, and their Sense u hold.

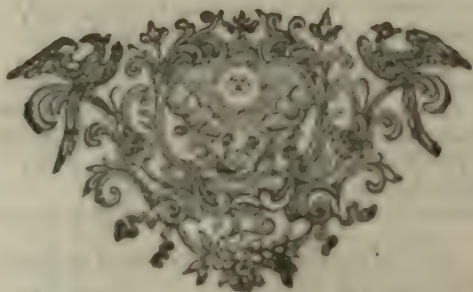
When

When Holy *DAVID* strung his golden Lyre,
 And touch'd with sacred Skill each yielding Wire;
 Behold ! the Devil leaves the Frame of *Saul*,
 Compell'd by Force of Heav'nly Musick's call ;
 The dastly Fiend, deserting his Abode,
 With downward Pinions cuts the hellish Road,
 And in an Instant makes the Stygian shore,
 Where hazy Waves in swelling Surges roar :
 After a Pause in Hell, he thus began,
 Whose bleak Address in hellish Language ran.

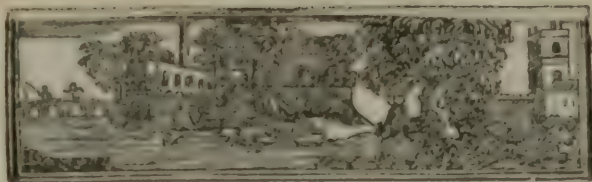
" O *Lucifer*, thou awful God of Hell,
 " Who Heav'n forsook by scorning to do well,
 " On Earth immur'd in humane Frame I lay,
 " To mask me from the Rays of baleful Day,
 " And steer the tottering Heart of graceless *Saul*,
 " Immers'd in that Infernal, pleasing Stall ;
 " But Royal *David* ply'd his hollow Lyre,
 " And pow'r of Musick made me thence retire,
 " Musick ! whose Charms disloge th' Infernal Fiends ;
 " And make the Foes of God, and Man, it's Friends.
 With planted Snaps the whisker'd Demon speke,
 Distracted rantour brooding on his look ;
 To whom the Sov'reign of the Stygian Moors, —

" Each ingulph'd God with fallen Grief deplores
 " The growth of Musick in the Realms above,
 " A straight Avenue to the Tyrant's Love,
 " I mean *Yehetah*, and his Man-like Son,
 " Who sav'd the Earth, and has our World undone,
 " And the Majesty of the Holy Ghost,
 " By whose infusion all our Virtue's lost
 " By Hell's Meanders I, the Stygian King,
 " Exult with ire when *Ha-le-lu-jahs* ring,
 " Which Canticleers in mimic accents sing :
 " But, pungent Sorrow ! tho' in Hell I burn,
 " I lov'd that Musick, which in vain I spurn ;

“ For Musick-charms derive their early Birth
 “ From the tremendous God of Heav’n, and Earth:
 “ Musick therefore will dwell on Earth below,
 “ To hymn *Jehovah*, Hell’s immortal Foe,
 “ Till Hills descend, and Billows cease to flow,
 “ Sage *David*’s Lyre be known to distant Times,
 “ And prove the pleasing Theme of future Rhymes.



THE



To the Revd. and most ingenious

Dr. J-----N S-----T,

D-----n of St. P-----s.

*Semper bonos, Nomenquè tuum, laudequè
manebunt, VIRG.*

TO thee learn'd Dean, I dedicate these Lines,
Wherein the *Libanian* Wisdom Shines,
In which I strove, with humble Art to trace
The little Wisdom of the little Race.

O great Apollo of our Northern Isle.

Design on my Works, my little Works to smile
As upon *Egypt*, flows the teeming Nile.

C 2

}
}
} When

Dedication.

When *Ireland* fear'd a Deluge once from *WOOD*,
You stood it's ardent Friend and Patriot - God,
And stopt the *Wooden Tide*, compos'd of Flesh and Blood,
With Patriarch-pen, and holy Rage inspir'd,
With Pity mov'd, and weeping Mortals fir'd.
(Oh strange ! that *WOOD* shou'd have a liquid Pow'r,
Oh strange ! that *WOOD* shou'd flow in crimson Gore,
In doing good you always took delight,
And swam against the Tide in Malice's spite:
So the stout *Dolphin* swam against the Tide
With strength resistless, and majestick Pride,
Whilst he with springing quickness *Arion* bore,
Arion the *Lyrick*, to the distant Shore,
Therefore to me your kind Protection lend
And prove the little Bard's undoubted Friend,
Who strives to sing in *Lilliputian* Note,
The humble Praises of th' *Unhappy*

John Waldron.

THE



THE

Hoop - Peticoat,

IN

LILLIPUTIAN Verse.

Written by Mr. JOHN WALDRON, in
imitation of D——n S——t.

Inest sua gratia parvis. VIRG.

MY Muse,
Infuse
Your Rhymes
By times,
Till I
Desire

What Cause
Made Laws
Allow
(O Wo)
The Hoop
To coop

The Fair,
My Care;
Within
Its gin.

An Isle,
Where smile
The Sex,
Men vex,
Contain'd,
Or feign'd,
Some Queans,
That Swains
Carefs'd,
And profs'd,
'Till Womb
Gave room
Defil'd
To Child.

The Law
This saw,
And found
The found
Went round
The Globe,
And lobe
Of Sky
Most high.

Some then,
Wise men !
Made Act
Compact,
That Tars,
By Stars
Led forth
To North,
Greenland
Of hand
Shou'd seek
That Week,
And search
The Arch.

Of Sea
Night, Day,
For Whale,
(No fail)
T'impale
The Base
Of Race
Female
From Male.

This Law
Found Awe,
And Tars,
All Fears
Aside,
Did ride
In Oak,
All Shook,
With Wind
Unkind,
To Lees,
Where freeze
Greenland's
Cold Sands.

Months past,
At last
They reach
Bleak Beach
Of Clime
Sublime,
Where Snow
Winds blow,
Whose Flakes
Hide lakes,
And Ice,
Surprise !
Remains
In Chains
Half Year,
Or near
Tars went,
Full bent,

To Shore,
 To Store,
 Wild Boar,
 And hare,
 That rear,
 White hair;
 Fat hinds
 With Brinds
 Wild Fawns
 In lawns,
 Plump Teal,
 Large Quail,
 Stock Doves,
 Heath Grouse
 Puffins
 In Glins,
 Mount Goats,
 Huge Stoats,
 Big Bears
 Fleet Mares,
 Tall Fox,
 Large Ox,
 Rabbits,
 Tid bits,
 Partridge
 In ridge
 Of Snow
 Below,
 Reserve
 To serve,
 If want
 Shou'd plant
 His Claws
 In Jaws
 Of Maugre
 Sailor.
 They land
 On Sand
 Tied Barge,
 They charge

Straight Gun;
 To Stun,
 And kill
 With Skill
 The brood
 Of Wood,
 And sweep
 The steep
 Mountain,
 And plain;
 The Floods,
 Abodes,
 Where Herds
 Of Birds
 Not known
 To one
 Of East,
 Or West,
 Build Nest,
 And rest:
 The Bogs,
 Where Fogs
 Thick croud,
 And Shroud
 In Cloud
 Bird kind,
 Most Blind
 By Snow
 In Row,
 From lure
 Of Boor.
 Howe'er,
 Jars were
 So keen,
 No Skreen
 Of Fog,
 Or Bog,
 Of Flood,
 Or Wood,

Of Brake,
 Or Lake,
 Hid rill,
 High Hill,
 Cou'd cloke
 From stroke
 Of Fate
 Destinate
 Their Birds,
 Or Herds,
 Powder,
 Louder
 Than Seas
 'Gainst Bays,
 Hot streams
 Of Flames
 Inspires
 With Spires
 Thro' Veins,
 And reins,
 Of all
 Great, small :
 Whilst lead
 First fled
 Thro' Pores
 With Force,
 And took
 From Nook
 Of heart,
 In smarr,
 The Soul,
 Of Fowl,
 And beast
 In waste.
 Stores had,
 Good, bad,
 Enough,
 Most tough,
 Tares run
 With Gun

In Hand
 To strand,
 With pack
 On back
 Of Meat
 To Eat,
 If Sea
 Delay
 Then there
 A Year ;
 Game past
 At last,
 Their Store
 They bore,
 To Shore,
 And left
 In cleft
 Of Rock
 Their Stock,
 Which they
 Same Day
 Secur'd,
 Immur'd,
 By Deal,
 Huge tail,
 For fear
 Of Bear,
 White Crow,
 Sure Foe,
 Deep Gulph
 Of Wolf,
 Or Raven
 From Haven :
 Then sweep
 The deep,
 And raise
 The Seas
 With keel,
 For Whale.

Nine Score,
 Or more,
 Of Whales
 The Sails
 Did flay
 By Sea,
 Then thwart
 With heart
 Of Steel
 And keel
 Pointed
 Jointed
 Waves in
 The main,
 (Their prey,
 Near bay
 Congeal'd
 Not fail'd
 For) 'till
 With Skill
 With flight
 Of Might
 And speed,
 They ride
 To Lee,
 Where they
 For Whale,
 Set Sail,
 And left,
 Bereft
 Of Land,
 The Strand
 Native,
 Plaintive.
 Whale-bone,
 Alone
 Daddies
 Of Ladies
 Acclaim'd,
 And nam'd,

A Charm,
 From harm
 To keep
 Asleep
 Their true
 Virtue :
 Alas !
 How false
 Is the
 Hoop'd way
 To save
 From slave,
 Or Star,
 And Garter,
 A Maid,
 Betray'd
 By Youth's
 Untruths
 By Cloaths
 Of Beaux,
 By Vice,
 Avarice,
 Or Lust
 Unjust !
 Pappas
 Of Laws
 This own'd
 Summon'd,
 Unto
 The Clue
 Of Parliament,
 With joint
 Consent,
 Says one
 With Frown,
 And Grace
 In face,
 ' Padlock
 ' Of Daddock

D

Might

' Might guard
 ' In Ward
 ' The Fair
 ' From Snare
 ' Of Cully,
 ' Or Bully,
 ' As well,
 ' I tell,
 ' As Whale
 ' A Mind,
 ' Inclin'd
 ' To ill,
 ' Will Swill
 ' The draught,
 ' Tho' smart
 ' Succeed
 ' The Deed;
 ' 'Tis not
 ' Peticoat
 ' With Staves,
 ' That Saves
 ' Young Maids
 ' From Blades,
 ' But Heart,
 ' Apart
 ' From Gin
 ' Of Sin.

'Tis so
 I know;
 For hoop
 No prop
 Became
 To Fame
 Of Maids
 In Masquerades,
 Or Shades,
 But Means
 Of Stains,
 (Yet mask
 To bask
 In Crime
 Sublime,
 Unseen
 By Skreen,
 Tho' Womb
 Gave room
 And Tomb
 To Child
 Defil'd)
 To Shame,
 And blame,
 Of Maid
 Dame.

P N I S